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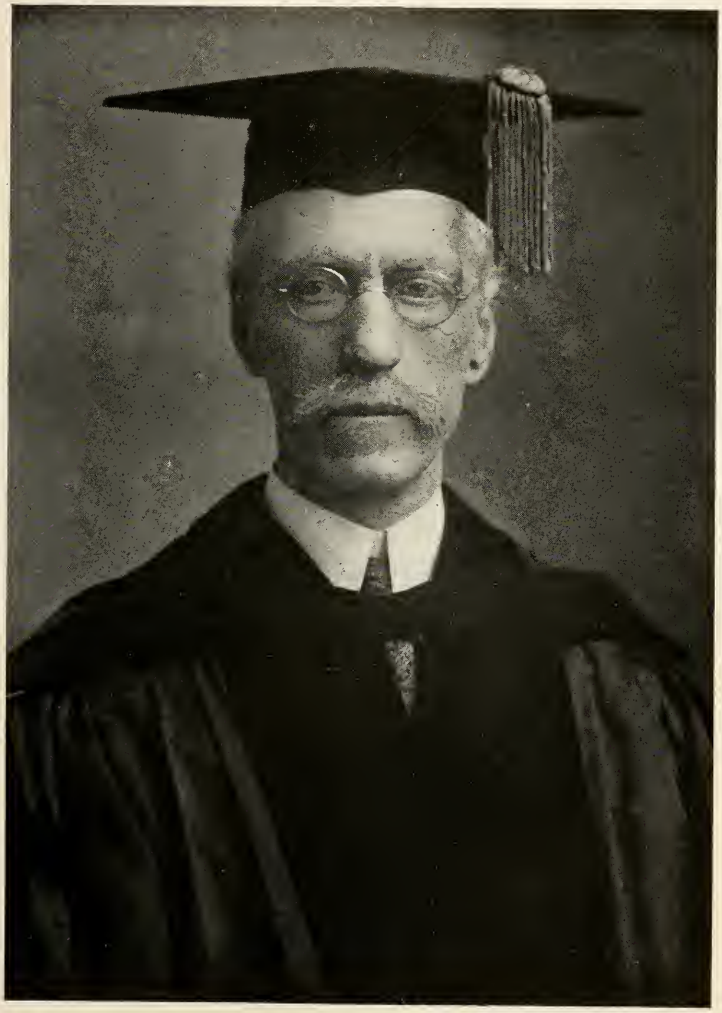

SAMUEL TYNDALE WILSON, D. D., LL.D., PRESIDENT, IN 1928

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S.T. WILSON in 1878

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT SAMUEL TYNDALE WILSON DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1928

Note: The Executive Committee of the Alumni Association feels that so important a historical document as President Wilson's address should be published in permanent form. Baccalaureate sermons printed in 1923 and 1925 brought many expressions of appreciation; and we are grateful to President Wilson for permitting us now to preserve and circulate his semi-centennial address.

Copies of this address will be mailed to all Alumni and also to former students and other friends upon application to **Mrs. Estelle S. Proffitt, Secretary of the Alumni Association, College Station, Maryville, Tennessee.**

Antiquity of the Speaker. The Executive Committee of our Alumni Association have appointed me as the speaker of the evening on account of my antiquity. They told me so. There are a lot of people connected with Maryville College who are confident that the speaker could, if he only would, accurately describe the interior of Noah's Ark; "For," say they, "it is not reasonable that he should have been so long passing the ark from day to day, without stopping occasionally to look in a window to study the internal architecture of the vessel." But I insist that these are erroneous notions. I cannot even boast of having attended even one meeting of the alumni before the Civil war, though there was such a meeting as early as 1857, at which Rev. Gideon Stebbins White delivered a valuable historic address which we preserve among our treasures. However I failed to arrive, even in Syria, until the next year—1858. But Dr. Alexander Brabson Tadlock, a Maryville alumnus who died only twenty months ago at the age of ninety years, did attend such an alumni meeting as early and as late as 1859.

Beginnings of the Alumni Association. All that I can boast in my juniority is with regard to my connection with the post-bellum Alumni Association. That Association was organized on May 27, 1875, by a half-dozen graduates of the College, of whom Professor Lamar alone belonged to the ante-bellum alumni. However, I can boast of attending, while still a Sophomore, the Alumni meeting held the next year, 1876, the Centennial year. This was the first Alumni meeting with a program. Professor Crawford, the president of the Association, the grandfather of John and George Crawford, delivered a very valuable historical address. This address John Silsby and I printed a little later in our amateur printing office in Memorial hall. The Association was small in those days of beginnings. The roll-call revealed six alumni present. They were: Professors Lamar and Crawford, who made up thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the enrollment, William Blackburn Brown, G. S. W. McCampbell, who graduated that day, William Francis Rogers, and Charles Erskine Tedford.

The only member of this sextette still living is William Blackburn Brown, a brother of Hon. Thomas Nelson Brown. His home is in Colorado Springs, Colorado. In the first ten years (1866-1876) of the reorganized College, there were only thirty-three men and women all told who graduated from the institution. On May 30, 1878, two years later, and fifty years ago, I became an alumnus of the College. In 1881 I took part in the Association for the first time. I subscribed $100.00 toward Professor Lamar's Endowment Fund of $100,000.00. That was a daring adventure in those days, for dollars were few and far between. But I got the subscription paid off with interest in a few years, and felt better when I realized the proud fact that I now had stock in the beloved old college! There were nineteen alumni at the meeting, and they subscribed the very respectable sum of $1,350.00, an average of $70.00 a member.

Development of the Association. In this period of fifty years, I was the Secretary of the Association for twenty-eight years, or until I had to give the position up on account of the pressure of other work. I have attended almost all of these fifty meetings of the Association; and I have seen the organization grow from an attendance of six to one of hundreds, and of membership of more than a thousand. In view of these facts, I make no apology for the ego of this address. In using the first person pronoun, I am simply complying with your orders. I am informed that the Committee have appointed me as speaker to-night with the expectation and wish that I should "reminisce," if you will allow me the word.

Emphasis Where? On Changes? The natural mode of procedure in comparing the old days with the new days is to tell, as I have just done, of the stupendous and amazing changes that have taken place; to describe, condescendingly perhaps, the simplicity of the old life and the superior complexity and glory of the newest brand and most recently arrived style of life. This is the most obvious plan to follow. To do so rather suggests to the awe-stricken listeners that in some way these presumably great improvements may in some measure be credited to our own influence or approval or prowess; and, of course, in belittling and disparaging the past and in magnifying and adulating and panegyrizing the present, we shall escape all suspicion of being personally behind the times or mossbacky!

No. On Identities and Homogeneities. But my vote is on the other side to night. I am inclined to take the opposite point of view. I feel like emphasizing the identities and similarities and homogeneities of the different periods and phases of Maryville's history rather than their differences and contrasts.

What is Enduring Interests Us Most. I am more attracted by the

permanent and perennially distinctive vital qualities of Maryville than by the shifting modifications of the transient and relatively unimportant exterior appearance of Maryville and of Maryville's men and of Maryville's methods. Rip Van Winkle was an interesting old customer with his twenty years of changes; but, after all, I am more interested in the unchanging Catskill mountains, the ever-tumbling Kaaterskill falls, and the lordly Hudson river, on the one side; and, on the other hand, in the manifestations in both the old and the new human nature of Rip's days, of similarities and not of dissimilarities, of identities and not of contradictions, than I am in Rip himself. What we are concerned with is the ever-sparkling diamonds and not the cheap and varicolored foils that set them off. Is not this your creed, too—that the best things abide, while apparent changes are taking place; that God is in his cloud-swept heaven; that the gaily painted clouds are ever-changing, while the unseen God abides forever: that the superficial things are, indeed, modified, while the everlasting things abide unaltered; that little things are changeable while big things are enduring; that nature lives on forever the same, while the seasons mark only comparatively trivial modifications upon her face? Usually the things that change are the adventitious circumstances, the garb, the outward appearances, and the costumes of nature and men; while the real nature and the real man endure to the end.

Then let us give attention to-night, as alumni, to the identities, the enduring things, at Maryville College, and not so much to the changes that have taken place during the history of the institution.

I. Let Us Note, First, the Identities or Enduring Things in the Physical Maryville.

The Same in Spite of Changes. Surely the village or town of Maryville has changed, has it not? Yes, it has changed somewhat in population, houses, streets, property interests, tax assessments, conveniences, public utilities, and the like; but, after all, the best physical things about Maryville itself were here a half century ago and even a century ago. If you don't believe it, put your thinking cap on for a few moments, and you will learn to believe it.

The Same Earth Beneath. Surely Maryville's geological foundation has been the same throughout the century. It would certainly be an undertaking to attempt to improve on what the Great Builder has done for Maryville's building site! He hollowed out the valley of East Tennessee in the Lower Silurian and Cambrian strata, and made this sheltered home of ours a refuge, bomb-proof, as it were, from earthquake and tornado, and flood-proof from cloudburst and swollen river. Between the parallel

mountain walls of the Unakas and the Cumberlands we repose in our tranquillity and safety, right in the heart of the valley of East Tennessee, and even at the heart of the entire region of the Southern Appalachians.

The Same Heavens Above. And surely the firmament above this geologic Knox dolomite on which we live here in Maryville is the same in its general features that it was five or ten decades ago. The heavens above us at Maryville are the same skies that overarched successively Isaac Anderson, the founder, and Thomas Jefferson Lamar, the refounder of Maryville College, long years ago. The North Temperate zone affords nowhere a more benignant or brilliant sunshine than that which ever bathes our Maryville and its College and even its mountain hike day, except when it is raining or plotting a rain! And as to the bewitching character of Maryville's moonlight, just ask any Maryville student what he thinks of our moonshine privileges, and you will be surprised at the eloquent enthusiasm of the response that you will elicit. And if you want to know somewhat of the abiding glory of the starry host that bestuds the mighty dome that overspans the town of Maryville, just ask our far-visioned Dr. Knapp about the matter, and then listen to his star-talk, and then peer through his telescopes, and be convinced as to the enduring glory of

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame."

No wonder that the successive generations of Maryville students have been star-gazers, and on frosty December nights have been sure that they have seen the very auroral lights of heaven shining through the floors of the celestial palaces above.

The Same Hills Around. And surely the physical geography of our old College hill and its setting amid these Maryvillian hills has not changed much since Dr. Anderson gathered his five young students at his fireside in his weather-browned house on Main street in 1819. Those five boys, when they went out for a stroll, found themselves meandering along the verdant valley that Pistol creek had long followed; and they visited spring after spring in their peregrinations, for there are more than fifty flowing springs within a radius of two miles from the Blount county court-house. And as they followed Main street southwestward, they were traveling the road that in Indian days was the great war-trail extending from Virginia down through this Cherokee country into the battle-fields of the Creek nation and of the Alabama country; a war-trail that the Federal government had followed when they cleared out "the Federal road" that led from Washington

to New Orleans. Yes, the contour of their environing hills and valleys was just about the contour that we witness whenever we take a walk or an automobile ride or an aeroplane spin about the town of Maryville. Oh, yes! man's part of the town is changed somewhat; but God's hills and valleys and creeks and springs and directions and distances are just what God contributed to Maryville people and to Maryville College long ago for the making of their home. Viewed from the top of Chilhowee, Blount county and Maryville look very much the same as they did when the Maryville College boys of 1875 and of even 1825 hiked to the top of Chilhowee or Bald or Thunderhead, or along the road that Dr. Anderson built over the Smoky mountains into Carolina. The landscape has more clearings in it, but otherwise our physical environment is very much the same as it was in the youthful days of Maryville College.

The Same Old Weather. And Maryville's climatology and Maryville's meteorological peculiarities are not changed very much; they are very much as eccentric as they were one, two, three, or four generations ago; or as similar conditions are yet the land over. Otherwise what a wealth of verbal comment and what a thesaurus of growlings would be eliminated from our conversation and from our daily happiness! Dr. Anderson and his boys nearly froze stiff in a Maryville winter only a day or so after a south wind was blowing gently; and they got the spring fever about the present season of the year; and then they had their beans—those the rabbits did not get—nipped by a late frost; and then they perspired profusely in the happy summer season; and in the autumn they enjoyed Indian summer so keenly that they were heartsore that it could not abide forever. Yes, the diaries of a half-century ago were as full of caustic remarks about the unseasonableness and unreasonableness of the weather as are the diaries of to-day. But persisting throughout the generations are the frequent glorious sunsets, which compensate greatly for the small inconveniences that I have just mentioned. As Thomas A. R. Nelson said of these sunsets, in his poem entitled "East Tennessee," so we may say:

> "Thy gorgeous sunsets well may vie
> In splendor with Italian sky;
> And pillowed in thy rosy air
> The seraphs well might gather there
> And in thy rainbow-tinted west
> Be lulled by their own songs to rest."

And the botany, the dendrology, and the ornithology of Maryville are the same as they were fifty years ago and as they were a hundred years ago and, perhaps, as they were a millennium ago.

The Same Flowers of the Field. Fifty years ago we did not patronize Mr. Clark or Mr. Coulter or Mr. Baum or any other Mister for our flowers; but we sought out Madame Nature and Company and secured our posies without money and without price, at first hand and largely in their wild estate. "Say it with wild flowers," was our program. Jim Rogers and I used to visit the college woods between five and six a.m., "soon in the morning," and gather wild flowers and make "bokays" as we called them, and pass them on to others. Mine, all of them, in some mysterious way, found their destination in Baldwin hall. Florists' baskets and ribbons were unknown then; but the flowers were just as beautiful as God makes now-a-days. The college campus and woods boasted fifty years ago and boast today, in spite of the devastation wrought by the Botany classes, such flowers as golden rod, flags, lilies, wild roses, daisies, honeysuckle, Jack in the pulpit, spring beauties, peas, phlox, sweetwilliams, May apples, pinks, irises, butterfly weed, life everlasting, bluebells, black-eyed Susans, violets, blue and white, and a lot of other flowers; and for trimming we had dogwood, hemlock, and long grasses.

The Same Trees of the Forest. Maryville's dendrology, too, has changed not at all in these passing decades. Fifty years ago, I saw this hilltop crowded with cedars, evergreen appearing. They were the same cedars as these that we have to-day, but I could then jump over the top of some of them, and I did so! And we then had in our modest natural science museum eighty samples of polished woods, all taken from the college forest. And all those fourscore varieties of trees, evergreen and deciduous, are still represented in our big campus of 275 acres. We live in the hardwood belt, and at the edge of the Smoky Mountain National park, the park that best represents the forestry wealth of North America.

The Same Birds of The Air. And, thank God! the ornithology of Maryville still thrills our hearts with its unchanged liquid melodies. Dr. Knapp has a glorious bede-roll of birds whose presence or whose songs or whose beauty have, doubtless, for ages past filled these forests and enraptured hills with joy and delight. For fifty-five years I have heard the College hill mocking-bird and catbird fill the summer night and even noonday

"With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet."

The whip-poor-will has tenanted the solitudes of the night. The blue-jay still bullies his way across the campus with the polemic scream that refuses peace on any basis. And blackbirds and bluebirds and cardinals diversify the color scheme. Bobolinks and bob-whites and robin redbreasts and larks and doves and wrens and thrushes and all manner of sparrows

and swallows were here when Dr. Anderson began his work, have been here for a happy carefree century of God-praising life, and are here now in our college bird-sanctuary; and long may they continue to be our cheery neighbors and our chanting choristers of tree and sky!

II. Let Us Note Now the Identities of the Maryville Men.

True, Their Garb is Unlike. Oh, yes! certainly the garb of the men of Maryville College has changed greatly. I well remember that the boys of the Seventies, most of them, wore suits of home-made jeans. If they were aristocrats, the jeans, woven by their mothers and sisters in those early after-war days, were colored Quaker brown with walnut hulls; if they were commoners or democrats, their jeans were colored a violent blue by the help of indigo, I believe it was. I remember counting the number of store-clothes suits among the boys at chapel one morning; they were so few that they were hardly worth counting. If there were any custom-made shirts in those days, I do not recall who wore them. Our mothers were our tailors, clothiers, linen-drapers, and hosiers. Talk about "Mothers' Day"! My father told me, with awe in his tones, of his grandmother's nocturnal industry. Often, he said, she would take the measure of a son at bedtime; and when the boy awoke in the morning, he would find a finished pair of trousers hanging over the back of a chair, awaiting his use. True, she forgot to crease the trousers in accordance with the enlightened taste of her descendants; but they were, which was more to the point, both strong and warm. Sometimes she apocopated the trousers to economize the material which she had to weave; or, perhaps, to keep the legs out of the mud. Do you feel inclined to smile at these mothers of men? That smile is not justified until you can accomplish about one-tenth of the tasks that those wonderful mothers accomplished for their loved ones in those days of toil and struggle and devotion.

Blue Jeans and Calico. In 1873 the Directors of the College adopted a resolution recommending that young women students should wear "nothing more stylish than calico." But underneath blue jeans and calico there were the same kind of Maryville people that we have now. In the Römer palace in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the Kaiser's Saal, a great portrait gallery, there are paintings of all the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. The fashions of the clothing of the successive rulers varied greatly; but, clad in whatever fantastic garb, every one of the men represented was an emperor. And so of our Maryville men and women, of whatever period they have been, it may be said with confidence that they were of a royal lineage. The clothing "is but the guinea stamp; the man's the gowd for a' that."

But the Same Scotch-Irish and American Stock. Of Maryville

people it has been true for all the decades of the college history that the predominant stock represented in the roster of students has been Scotch-Irish. And, indeed, all the people have been principally of the old Protestant immigrations of two hundred years ago. Only the Indians on this Southwestern frontier could truthfully claim to be earlier Americans in this region, or more aboriginal, than were they. Over fifty per cent. of our student body are of Scotch-Irish lineage, and almost all are of the old American stock that came originally from the British Isles, and from the French Huguenots, and from Germany of long ago.

The Same Family Names. It is interesting to note, too, that the roster of a half-century ago contains many names that are now represented in our College by descendants. There have been some cases of four generations being represented, as, for example, the Minnises of New Market and the Browns of Maryville and Philadelphia, Tennessee. A year or so ago a photograph was made of students then in College whose families had been represented by two or more generations. The number who appeared in this photograph amounted to between eighty and ninety. Among the names familiar through the many years were these: Anderson (related to Dr. Anderson), Brown, Caldwell, Campbell, Crawford, Creswell, Davis, Edmondson, Ellis, Foster, Franklin, Frow, Gamble, Griffes, Henry, Howard, McCulloch, McTeer, Magill, Marston, Miles, Murray, Newman, Post, Toole, Walker, Wilkinson, and Welsh.

The Same Human Nature. The stock and the type and, to a considerable degree, the families represented in our student body, are very much the same as they were a half-century ago. And no one would have the hardihood to suggest that the human nature of our Maryville men and women has changed to any marked degree in the passing of the years! The weaknesses and the strength of human nature are very much the same as they were when I was a boy. These qualities have to be dominated by the grace of God in order to be ornaments to those who exemplify them,

Indeed, the Same Maryville Men. Yes, we may well agree that the men of Maryville of to-day are to all intents and purposes very much the same as were the men of a cycle ago. For one, I feel very much at home with the Maryville men or women either of 1878 or of 1928. They have the Maryville spirit in their words, thoughts, and deeds. And sometimes, when I have witnessed some especially noble action of theirs, I declare to myself that they are as

> "Constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true fix'd and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament."

III. Let Us Note Also the Identities of the Entity that We Call Maryville College, Throughout the Changing Years.

Yes, a Very Different Plant. This, of course, does **not mean the identities of the physical plant of the college.** There have been monumental transformations in the size and character of the material make-up and equipment of the institution. All that the College could boast in 1861 was an endowment of about $16,000; and real estate consisting of two half-acre lots with three buildings—one wooden (the boarding house), one small brick (the original "Seminary"), and a large unfinished brick building; together with a library of six thousand volumes.

And Vastly Greater Property. In 1928 the Directors report a total property valued at $2,250,000, which is at least seventy-five times the amount held in 1861, sixty-seven years ago. There has, manifestly, been a vast advance in the property holdings of the College.

I am not, then, speaking of the identities of the physical plant of Maryville College. What I assert is the identities of the spiritual self of the College.

But the Same Altruism. The College has not changed in its altruistic service to its field and to its students. The struggle that Dr. Anderson and his colleagues made to enable moneyless but ambitious young people to secure college training for usefulness was passed on to his successors of all these college generations. While a host of colleges have changed their policy in this regard, Maryville has still set its teeth in a grim determination to help worthy but needy students to secure a college education, in spite of the handicap of flat pocketbooks and the lack of all capital except ambition.

Maryville's Mighty Financial Aid to Students. The Board of Christian Education has published a circular entitled, "Is a College Education a Special Privilege?" A list of the Presbyterian colleges—more than fifty in number—is given with the charges they make, respectively, for tuition, for room rent, and for board. **Maryville College is the institution that provides these principal bills of college expenses at the lowest relative rate.** While the average amount charged by these other schools for tuition is $151.37, Maryville's charge is only $40.00. While the general average for room rent is $90.71, that of Maryville is only from $36 to $50. While the average board bill is $208.92, that of Maryville is only $129. While the average total expenses at Presbyterian colleges is $441.90, the average cost at Maryville is $260. These are great achievements indeed, and do not merely happen by chance. They are the result of stern sacrifices and resolute efforts to help others. When I was a student, the necessary expenses of the nine months' college year amounted to only $150; and even

now they amount to considerably less than $300, though it is far easier to secure $300 now than it was then to secure $150. In fact, Maryville's charges are relatively lower now than they were fifty years ago, when I graduated from the College. Maryville is still transacting this eminently philanthropic business at its old stand. The traditions of Maryville are loaded down with helpfulness and kindliness of the most generous kind. The official history of the College is appropriately entitled, "A Century of Maryville College—1819-1919—A Story of Altruism." Maryville has not changed its cordial, hospitable, and helpful spirit at any time during its long history. A great many institutions have quadrupled or quintupled their former tuition charges, but Maryville remains true to its original purpose to help those secure a college education who could not secure it at other institutions. While Maryville saves $180 or more to every student by keeping its charges at the low minimum it maintains, it also provides the great majority of its students with opportunities of self-help work or direct aid in loans and the like to the annual total amount of $35,000, or an average to the 475 who worked, of $74 each. So such students have received indirect and direct help that has amounted to a total average of $254. That the College has preserved this spirit of altruism so wonderfully is an extraordinary achievement, indeed, in the history of education.

Maryville's Enduring Patriotism. Moreover the College has preserved its patriotism to a remarkable degree throughout the years. As early as the Thirties, Maryville College had a strong temperance organization, and it continues its practically unanimous antagonism to those traitors to our country—drink, bootlegging, and law nullification. When the World war arose, the College sent 668 of its sons to the task that our country demanded of it, and twenty-one of the number surrendered their lives for the cause. Maryville also sends out hosts of Christian patriots into the unending service of our homeland. Our old College loves its country.

Maryville's Abiding Religious Spirit. Again we cannot but be deeply impressed with the permanence and identity of the religion of the College. This is not to be wondered at, since the glory of God was the motive of the founding of the institution, and since eagerly loyal Maryville men and women have kept that ideal of the chief end of man and the chief end of a Christian college ever before them. Our Christian religion is founded principally upon a Book and upon a divine Man. And Maryville College holds the same loyal and royal allegiance to both the Book and the Man now-a-days that it did as long ago as when Thomas Lamar was a lad.

The Same Old Book Obeyed. Our institution was founded as a theological seminary, and its early curriculum was centered around the study of the Book, the Sacred Scriptures. We have among our treasures three

copies of Dr. Anderson's text-book on his system of theology, which manual of 112 pages was printed in Maryville in 1833. In this simple but dignified and scholarly volume we feel pulsating the same faith and reverence that the instructors of the present day manifest in their classrooms. Heaven and earth may pass away, but Christ's word, in Maryville's belief, does not pass away. And now, one hundred and nine years after the founding of the institution, the largest department of the College is the Bible and Religious Education department, with its faculty of four men—almost as large a faculty as Princeton Seminary had at the end of its first half century of history. This department is one of the first four departments of Bible and Religious Education established in the Presbyterian church; and all the regular students of the College are enrolled in it.

The Same Lord of The Book Loved. But even more abiding, if possible, than its loyalty to the Book is Maryville's loyalty to the Lord of the Book. Each succeeding generation of teachers has devoted, with absolute conviction and enthusiasm, its love and its fidelity to the Son of God who came as the Son of Man to rescue us from sin to holiness before God and to service in behalf of man. This was the daily mission of the faculty of six under whose tutelage those of us who entered college in 1873 found ourselves, namely, President Bartlett, Professor Lamar, and Professor Bartlett, and Graduate Tutor Thomas Theron Alexander, and Undergraduate Tutors Edgar Alonzo Elmore and James Monroe Goddard. These six men believed in the Son of God and the Man of Galilee, and they were true disciples of his. In him they found their supreme happiness and the supreme motive of life, the Christian life. And so have the men and women that since the days of the Seventies have made up the successive faculties of Maryville College, found their Life-Leader; for said they: "To whom else shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

The Same Evangelism Employed. And Maryville teachers and directors, believing implicitly in the Book and the Lord of the Book, have always logically and consistently endeavored to enlist all their students in the faith and service of Jesus Christ and his kingdom. Dr. Anderson and his few but zealous colleagues; and the Bartletts and Lamar and their fellow-toilers in those hard days of privation; and the workers of these later days, have all deemed the happiest victories of the years, those glorious conquests made in human hearts by the Gospel and by the Spirit of Power and by the love of the Savior of men. The daily lives they have themselves tried to live in order to commend the gospel they profess; the atmosphere of the classroom and the direct worship of the chapel and other religious exercises; and the splendid support given by the individual students and by student organizations, have all been prayerfully directed towards the making and mobilizing of an army to fight for their Lord. In

Dr. Anderson's famous old annual campground meetings; in more than fifty February Meetings guided by such noble men as Drs. Bachman, Trimble, McDonald, Elmore, Bartlett, Broady, and Marston, and by our worthy last recruit, Mr. Lloyd, and in thousands of perennial interviews, men and women have found their Lord, and have begun their Christian life. This splendid history has changed not at all in its continuity and earnestness throughout the generations of this old College; and Maryville is justly famous on earth for this fact; and, we humbly believe, its fame in heaven in this worthy regard will never fade away, even in the aeons of eternity.

The Same Life-Service Sought. And the old College has had the exquisite happiness of seeing its sons and daughters go out into full-time life-service, at home and abroad, by the hundreds—341 into the ministry, and 105 in fifty years into the foreign field—while thousands of others have taken with them into all the worthy professions and lines of human activity, and into all parts of our own land and of other lands the principles of the Christian life; and they have shown by their character and service that they were endeavoring with all their God-given powers to love God with all their hearts, and their neighbor as themselves. The vision of the "Spirit of St. Louis" in the air is a nobly inspiring one; but the "Spirit of Maryville College" as shown, for example, in the subscription of $1,000 the other day, at the end of the year's resources, made to the Maryville hero, Fred Hope, the missionary to Africa, is an even infinitely nobler and more inspiring vision. And such a spirit has dominated Maryville throughout all its Christian history.

IV. And Now, Finally, Let Us Note the Identities in the Maryville Type of Student Throughout the Cycles. Maryville Men and Women Have Had Identical Riches Throughout Their Generations.

Equally Rich in Youth. To begin with, they have been endowed, all of them, with the priceless riches of youth. And youth in 1825 or 1875 was just as precious and inestimable as it was in 1925. Says Longfellow:

> "How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
> With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
> Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
> Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!"

The audience that gathers at our chapel every morning is made up of youth and only of youth, except for now and then a member of the teaching force, who, willy-nilly, much against his wishes, has found that

> "His face was furrowed o'er with years,
> And hoary was his hair."

Are you seeking the choicest of riches? Here in the youth of our students you will surely find the greatest affluence and the most abounding opulence. "To be young," says Hazlitt, "is to be as one of the Immortals." I was fifteen years young when I entered the Senior Preparatory Class at Maryville; and I was twenty when I received my diploma from college; and over those five rare college years I write the five letters Y-O-U-T-H; and then, presto, my memory transports me to a fairy-land which I can never visit again except in memory and imagination—the land of youth!

"Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!"

Yes, our Maryville students are, every quadrennium of them, vastly rich, even multimillionaires, in youth; and this has been true of all of them.

Equally Rich in Worthy Ambitions. Again, Maryville students of all generations have brought with them or had developed here in them **worthy ambitions or aspirations to excel.** And these ambitions are great riches. Quarto volumes could be written about the determined fight continued for years that many Maryville College students have had to wage in order to equip themselves for leadership in life. Often these heroisms are unreported and unheralded, but they are then even so much the more noble, magnanimous, and sublime, on account of their modesty and unobtrusiveness. A mighty captain is this Ambition. It wins debates. It excels in scholarship and makes quality credits by the quantity, until Cum Laude's and Magna Cum Laude's emerge. It trains until athletic honors are won. It achieves a self-conquest until the imperial will dominates a man, and it plans the campaigns of his victorious life. That is what Ambition does! There have always been aspiring souls among the students of Maryville. I knew them here when I was a boy, and I have proudly traced their useful lives since those days. I know many of such worthies among the students that are now enrolled.

Equally Rich in Happiness. Again, Maryville students throughout all generations have been rich in happiness. So far as pleasure is concerned, their college days have been the happiest of their lives. While I was in my college days, I frequently said that I thought that they would prove to be the happiest of my life; and many times since those days, I have thought that I was right in my sentiments and prophecies regarding my college years at Maryville.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my boyhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."

In Spite of What Was Lacking. In those boyhood days we had no football, basketball, tennis, track, or intercollegiate sports; but we were nevertheless very happy. We had no big lyceums, no Expression department with its fascinating work, no regular Monday afternoon moonshine, no big audiences to reward our oratorical efforts with applause, no college yells, no college songs, no college colors, only 130 students all told—only twenty-five of whom were of college rank; and yet I assure you that we were happy youngsters. We played baseball the year around, and I think we played it pretty well, to have so little practice; and we played snap and were just as happy as kings and queens when we played it. Dr. Bartlett used to call for volunteers to move the chapel seats in Anderson hall back against the wall to make room for the snappers; and the response was always most gratifying. However, I fear that he got almost no help when the social closed at ten o'clock p.m. in returning the seats to their proper places. We were so tired with three hours of running that, of course, we should hardly have been expected to be drafted into hard work at so late an hour. Some people tell me that human nature still works in the same way, and the rumor runs that it is easier to get help to decorate the chapel for a special exercise than it is to clear it up after the exercises! But I fear that we were happy, whatever were Dr. Bartlett's honest sentiments about the success of the evening's entertainment; for had we not had three hours of innocent mirth and genuine satisfaction?

The Ambrosia of the Seventies. We had no banquets in those days, but we treated ourselves sometimes at Blackburn Ross's store, to a nickel's worth (a pint tin cup full) of chestnuts, or of "goobers" (though they were not so popular, for that was before the days of roasted peanuts); and, when our ships had come in, we used to buy a cake at John Oliver's bakery. John Oliver was a colored man, but his cakes were white. Among other good things I can say about him is this, that he advertised in **The Maryville College Student,** a monthly magazine published by John A. Silsby and myself. Just a month ago to-day I preached at Dr. Eakin's church at Knoxville; and as I came down out of the pulpit an old whiteheaded man, a college-mate of mine, came up to speak to me. I got ready to tell him modestly that I was glad of it, for I supposed he would make the standard remark that he enjoyed my sermon. But he took a different tack! He brushed aside such minor considerations as sermons, and asked me: "Sam, do you remember our going over to John Oliver's one night to get that cake?" What happiness Luther Rankin must have got out of "that cake" to remember it for over fifty years! I confess that I had forgotten that special cake, but I remember several others. We had no Home Economics department in those days; indeed we could not have parsed those words for lack of understanding of them; but we remembered a colored man's cake

for more than fifty years! I must report, however, a sad failure on my part in dealing with another article manufactured by John Oliver. Oliver always kept on hand an immense and intricate culinary composition, which he called "A Washington Pie." I liked its name, for I was patriotic; it looked good, very good; and its price fitted my exchequer, for John gave a huge piece of it for a nickel. But do what I could, I could not adapt myself to it. It bore a satisfying name, but it was a disappointing pie! I just could not stomach it. But that was about the only flaw in my happiness of those college days; and that was, after all, a somewhat comparatively small matter, and so I did not allow my mind to dwell too much upon it.

Happy, Happy Days! The students of the present day seem reasonably happy, and they have many helps to happiness that we of an older day did not have; but I am glad to assure you and them that we antiques, when as young as they, were every whit as happy as they are now.

Equally Rich in Friendship. Once more, Maryville students from generation to generation have been rich in friendship. Time has not changed the glory or the worth of college friendships. A friend is a gracious gift of God in old age or at any age; but a friend in youth and in the peculiarly favorable environment of college days is the best of all known friends. I call the roll of students contained in those old catalogs that were published while I was a student, and my heart thrills with a friendly response as one after another of my schoolmates passes in imagination before me. I think of the first baseball team—we called it "The Reckless Baseball Team" —and eight good friends of mine answer to the call of the roll. And, very strange to say, the nine members that were longest with the team are still living. I wish our present baseball team—undefeated by any college team this season—a similar longevity, so that fifty years from tonight they may say a similar thing of them—that all the team are living. We had a four-year yearlong diet of baseball, and it saved our lives. As I call the roll you may hear the answer, here or elsewhere, "Present or accounted for." Will Parham, Roll Hanna, George Moore, Frank Moore, John Silsby (our "First John"), John Brown (our "Second John"), John Goddard (our "Third John"), Newt Ault, and S. T. Wilson. And Tom Brown was an honorary member of our team. George Stewart and John Hart played with the team a while, but both of them are dead. The proudest day I ever had, except, of course, my seventieth birthday, was a September day in 1876, when I returned to Maryville after vacation, and found the ball team at the Maryville station waiting to greet me. And when you talk about friends, just summon up in your memories some such group as I have told you of, and you will agree with me that nothing could be better than that friendship which they represent. We Reckless ball-players were toughs—that is we were toughened to the hardest ball—for we never were

guilty of the use of such effeminate softnesses as gloves or mitts in playing baseball; though, if truth must be told, we did sometimes get the mitten in our social relations. But that was another matter and entirely beyond our control!

Equally Rich in Disciplined Powers. Maryville alumni have also always been men and women of disciplined powers. Of course, there is no question as to this fact in its relations to the present-day students. All these improvements of modern years in curriculum and pedagogy have contributed liberally to equip our present-day graduates to hold their own with the graduates of other similar institutions of learning. This fact is obvious, for Maryville is a strong and well-equipped college, and is fully accredited by the regional standardizing agency.

Thorough Work Required and Rendered. But let me bear testimony as an alumnus of long ago to the fact that even when the College had far less of modern methods and equipment, exact and thorough work was demanded of its students. Self-mastery was wrought out with the aid of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and some other departments, to a degree that the students became able to concentrate upon whatever was under consideration, and to be, to a fair degree, masters of their minds.

A Tribute to My Classmates of '78. Allow me to pay hearty tribute to the little class of 1878, with which I was connected . When I joined the class at fifteen years of age, I found students in it who looked upon it as being a disgrace to be unable to recite upon an assigned lesson. There were only four of us in the class. Will Taylor and Jim Rogers were grown men, and were magnificent students. Nellie Bartlett, now Mrs. Cort, and I were five years younger. When I attended my first recitation with my class, I saw a great light. I had had little trouble in my former school work in keeping up with the procession. But this was different, very different. I decided that I should have to go to work; and in the course of time I was tugging away as hard as I could. One night I attended an extra social, and the next day I reported to Professor Alexander the doleful and shameful confession that I was "not prepared." The rest of the class recited as if there had never been a social in the history of colleges. I was so mortified that I made some drastic vows, which I afterward tried to carry out. It was a kind providence of God that I was put into a class with students who never flunked. Such work as that class did was as disciplinary as the work that is done now-a-days; and, after all, discipline of mind is the greatest element in education. And throughout its one hundred and nine years, Maryville College has done thorough work in disciplining the powers of mind of its students, until they were equipped for the struggles of life. Could we call back from the shades representatives of all the decades of

Maryville, we should find all honest students among them to be, to a worthy degree, cultured and disciplined, and manifesting the mighty educational influence of the old College.

Also Rich in Varied Opportunities. Maryville students have always been rich in varied opportunities. That the students of the present day are thus rich in opportunity needs no demonstration, for it is self-evident. Cultural influences of many kinds are freely at work on every side, in our student life of to-day. The intellectual training in the scholastic side of our work, and the moral and religious impressions that are made by the cooperating and accumulated efforts of teachers, fellow-students, visitors, organizations, and college traditions, are riches of vast value indeed, and are increasing in volume and importance every year; and they are reinforced greatly by the influences of music and expression and art and physical culture, and the social amenities of the various groups and of the total body of the students. But it was also true that the students of fifty years ago were also rich in varied opportunities. It is only a little matter of degree or kind—the difference between now and then. Students now-a-days are thrilled by such concerts as our Music department gave last month at the Tuesday Morning Musical Club at Knoxville; but did we not have our peerless Mrs. Bartlett at our commencement occasions in the Seventies? We think that our Expression people are better than most of the professional artists that appear on our Lyceum platform; but what of that? Did we not have the germ of the Expression department on the hill in the old days when on every other Friday afternoon we had our rhetorical class in volcanic eruption? We did not "give readings" but we declaimed "pieces" until the tortured welkin was blue. I myself on certain Fridays declaimed the Declaration of Independence, Poe's Raven, Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, and

> "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills.
> My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain!"

Great Debates. We are justly proud of our debaters, and they nobly magnify their office and opportunities; but did we not debate every Friday night in the Literary societies, in the old days, and on certain great annual occasions? Why, I debated one hundred and eighty times in the five years I was at college! We did not have the faculty of the Expression department or the teachers of the department of Systematic Discourse to rehearse our commencement debates and orations before, but we rehearsed them before breakfast—in the literary society halls or in the old New Providence church by the cemetery, where we were said by our schoolmates to "wake the dead"; or down in the cavernous sinkhole that gaped in those days just below where the railroad track now crosses Court

street by Mrs. May's house; or out in the woods where the college cemetery now is; or out on the hill overlooking Joe McIlvaine's farm, for Joe was sympathetic and cordial and believed in oratory, though then only a lad.

Great Books. And there is the Maryville College library of to-day—the realization of many wishes and prayers. "What an opportunity!" I think, as I see the students swarming by day and by night into this noble hall where it is housed! And yet we had some books in those olden days, and we read them! Frank Moore made my private bookcase. It is now stored away in the garret at my residence; but it used to harbor over one hundred volumes. And among the happiest periods of my life were the hours that Jim Porter, or George Moore, or John Silsby and I used to spend in reading Scott's romances or poetry, Shakespeare's plays, Bobbie Burns, Lord Byron, and Gibbon. If heaven has anything more cozy for creature comfort than what the holidays of 1876-77 had, when the snow on College hill was seventeen inches deep, and the thermometer was kissing the full-orbed zero and below-zeros, and we, with our feet planted against a full woodbox, sat by our comfortable little old-fashioned wood stove, and read The Lay of the Last Minstrel and The Lord of the Isles, then all I can say is that heaven has some surpassingly great things in store for us! And every week I ransacked the encyclopedia called "The Library of Universal Knowledge" for debate material. And my father showed his self-denial in lending me his Unabridged Dict onary for five years. Another set of books in my case had a history. My parents sent me the money to pay railroad fare to Athens, Tennessee, our home, for a visit. I was then studying German under Professor Sharp, who was himself a German, and who still lives at 92. I thought I was going to spend the rest of my life reading German, and I coveted a complete set of Schiller's works. So I walked the forty miles from Maryville to Athens and saved my money; and when I got back to the hill Professor Sharp had the Schiller's ready for me.

The College Library. When I returned in 1884 to the College as a teacher, my first of many extra jobs was to classify and catalog the books in the library,. The library had not been in use at all that year. Classified and on its new shelves in what is now the art room, there were over 2,000 volumes drawn out the next year. One of the boys that used to draw books from the library was Reuben Louis Cates, who forty years later, among other benefactions, left his very valuable law library for the use of future generations of Maryville students. I was for thirteen years librarian, in addition to being full professor, dean, in charge of all public exercises, proctor of the boys' hall, manager of the Loan Library, besides being responsible for various other little jobs of work.

Equally Rich in Romance. Maryville College students are like col-

lege students in general in finding a great deal of very thrilling romance interwoven with the simple memories of their college days. Nature has a beautiful habit of throwing into oblivion any unhappy memories, and of storing up in our hearts the happy recollections freed from what was unpleasant at the time. I have found it so in regard to my vacation trips. I forget the punctures, the breakdowns, the floods, the mean human nature we met, the uncomfortable camp-sites, and the like; and I think only of the glorious sunrises and sunsets, the glamour of historic scenes, the kindly chance acquaintances, the picturesque and beautiful camp-sites, and the God-made scenery. It must be that a similar arrangement of nature is at work in our memories of college days. We must have had our troubles then; but our happinesses seem to have swept away these unfriendly memories.

My Old Memorial Room and I. For example, I find my old room in Memorial hall all enwreathed in halos of happiness and roseate crowns of comfort. True the carpet was a rag carpet, and the curtains were of calico, but thay were glorified rags and calico! Two pictures on the wall probably did not cost together a silver dollar, but they were of precious sentiment and principle. One of them represented Longfellow's Maidenhood, or Purity, a sweet-faced girl,

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet."

The other was The Huguenot Lover. In it the girl was trying to get her Huguenot lover to allow her to fasten the Catholic colors on his arm to save his life from a St. Bartholomew's massacre or a bloody dragonnade. But he was refusing! Purity and Heroism are truest romance. And there were the boxes of flowers in the two windows, for mine was a corner room. And the flowers show the influence of my sister. And there is romance about mignonettes and geraniums and foliage plants, when one is young. And there was my nickel-plated student lamp with its comfortable green shade—even electricity is not much better than that! And my father's old trunk was in the corner. Surely there is no romance in an old Civil wartime trunk! Ah, yes, there is, for my mother packed it, and into it she put the garments her loving fingers had fashioned, and into it she put her anxious love, and, chief of all, my Bible, with a mother's injunction to read it and to obey it. And back of the trunk stood my baseball bat, which all honest men and women had to confess, I maintained, was by far the best bat in Maryville. And my split-bottom chair—why, it had a cushion on it that my mother made. And my mother gave me the red tablecloth that was on my table. A plain room? Yes, but it was my college home, and the

sun of warmth and romance that had smiled on the successive generations of Maryville youth was shining in the window upon me!

Fragrance of Pressed Flowers. And there is romance even in some pressed button-hole bouquets that have come down to me from those days of ancient history. They remind me of the pounding that was taking place in my cardiac region while a fair-faced maiden was pinning one of them on my coat lapel. For the girls of Maryville College were then, as they are now, in Milton's words,

> "Fairest of creation,
> Last and best of all God's works."

And those girls were innocently the cause of heart diseases which none but themselves could cure— that disease that has had such a remarkable influence in pairing Maryville boys and girls for life, for better and not for worse, for time and for eternity.

Maryville's Supreme Contribution. But that is another story, and it can not be entered upon at this late hour. All that I can say is that the greatest of Maryville's contributions to the happiness of its sons and daughters has been the magic influence that has established Maryville homes in all sections of the United States and in all quarters of the globe. And let all the denizens of these happy homes say, Amen!

The College in 1878

The College in 1928